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**London**

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*Itanoka accused of Murder.*

*Pub. by T. Tegg, Aug. 4 - 1810.*

I T A N O K A,

— THE —

*Noble minded Negro;*  
*An Original Tale.*

PART 2.

*Tegg's Edition.*



*Dumont recovers his Daughter.*

*London.*

*Pub. by Tho<sup>s</sup> Tegg, III, Cheapside.*

1810.



W  
381,52N  
M228j  
ITAN

# ITANOKO,

## THE NOBLE-MINDED NEGRO.

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### PART II.

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AS soon as Bruno had finished his narrative Itanoko exclaimed, "how awful! Theodore has injured me much, yet I pity him." He had scarcely finished speaking when a gentle knock at the door disturbed them. A stranger then entered the chamber without ceremony, and said, "Which of you is Itanoko, and which is his friend?" Itanoko and Otou bowed. "Then I am right," said he, and immediately twenty armed men came in, seized them both, and loaded them with irons. "What have they done?" said the trembling Bruno. "Why enter thus abruptly my apartment?" "I am sorry, Sir," said the first man that entered, "it should happen in your house, but we must obey your orders. Bruno embraced his friends before they were dragged away. They were taken to a prison where the sun was entirely hid from their view, and were likewise separated.

When Itanoko was alone all that occupied his thoughts was the trouble that he had brought on his friend Otou. On raising his eyes to behold his solitary abode, it made him shrink with horror; large heavy irons ornamented the cell. In the middle hung a melancholy lamp, which, by its dying flame, rendered the dungeon far more dismal.

Here, in separate cells, they remained several weeks, and their only sustenance was bread and water. At length one of the jailors entered Itanoko's cell, and bade him follow him. "Whither," thought he, "are they going to lead me? To death perhaps. No matter, I am ready."

He soon found himself before a judge and his secretary.

The judge making his appearance, Itanoko asked him if he was a christian. "Yes," was the reply. "Then answer truly," said the judge, "to the questions which I shall put to you." "I always speak the truth," replied Itanoko. "Did you know Urban?" said the judge. "Yes," was the answer. "When and where?" Itanoko related his little history.

The judge then continued his questions. "Did you not owe him vengeance?" "I certainly did," replied Itanoko. "Write his answer," said the judge to the secretary. "Do you know this cutlass?" Itanoko looked at the cutlass which was shown him. "I do, it is mine." "Why is it stained with blood?" enquired the judge. "I left it on the spot where Urban was assassinated." "How do you know that Urban was murdered?" "I was present." "And who were his murderers?" "Two negroes." "Did you know them?" "No." "Who is Otou?" "My friend." "Was he present?" "No." "Are you sure you were alone?" "Yes." "Do you know this remnant of a handkerchief?" "Yes." "Is it yours." "Yes, I bound up Urban's wounds with it." "Is it not your mark?" "No, it is Otou's." "Was your friend with you?" "I have already told you no." "You say the handkerchief is yours, yet the mark is not." "Sir, hitherto politeness had induced me to answer your questions, but allow me now to ask by what right you make all those enquiries?" "By what right! Your humble situation, this place, and my appearance, should, ere this, have told you I am your judge." "You should have informed me of this sooner," said Itanoko; "for having committed no crime, I am in no need of a judge." "I pardon your ignorance, I have not as yet said you are a criminal, though appearances are strongly against you. You say this handkerchief belongs to your friend Otou; it is therefore evident he was with you." "Sir," answered Itanoko, boldly, "it was given to me at parting in a battle. I therefore set a great value on it, and nothing but humanity could have induced me to have taken it from my neck. I confess that even then it pained me." "Well," said the judge, "the result of this examination is, that Mr. Urban has been assassinated by two negroes. This man has owned the cutlass and the piece of handkerchief which lay on the spot at the time of the murder. I therefore conclude, that he and his comrade Otou were the murderers of Mr. Urban." "Oh, heavens! I his murderer!" said Itanoko, who fell senseless on the floor.

Assistance was immediately procured, and on his recovery they presented him a cup of liquor, which he immediately pushed away. "Vengeance or death!" he cried. The judge ordered all out of the room, except Itanoko. "Now speak the truth, did you not murder Urban?" "You may insult



without fear a man in his fetters." "Come, come, you are accused of the crime, and may therefore as well confess." Itanoko burst into a flood of tears. "Good heaven!" exclaimed he, "his life was indeed in my power, but I did my utmost to recover his wounds. There is one being who knows all the misery which he has caused me. Ah grant him thy mercy!"

The judge called in the jailor. "Obey my orders, conduct this man away." They took off Itanoko's irons, and he was led to an apartment. He beheld Otou, Ferdinand, Honoria, and Bruno. Itanoko fell on the neck of Otou, and exclaimed, "Oh my friend, it is through me you have suffered." Bruno, Ferdinand, and gentle Honoria, endeavoured to console them. "Oh forbear, cease, cease, my heart fails me!" He sunk, but recovered only to rave, "Where is Urban, let him come. I wish to see him. Urban, I have done nothing to you. Why then hate me? Your children do not." He was now brought into the air. "Ah! I recollect—but say, what has happened? where am I? In the arms of Ferdinand! Do you not know me?" "Yes, I do, it is my Ferdinand! I saved your life, but you were worthy of it—I saved the life of your father, whom they say was murdered by me." "But, Ferdinand, did you say I murdered him." "Recal your senses, these are your friends who surround you. Let me conjure you to be careful of yourself; if not for your friends yet for Amelia's sake." "Amelia! ah may she be happy!" "She cannot be so without you," remarked old Bruno. "Oh, my friends! (said Itanoko) then it is no dream. I thought myself still in the hideous dungeon. Alas! I saw you there every day."

Ferdinand now related all that had happened. He understood that two unknown negroes had murdered his father; he therefore demanded justice. A great number of people consequently surrounded the bed of the expiring Urban to catch his last words, which were fatal to the cause of Itanoko, as death had prevented an exclamation of his meaning.

Theodore did all in his power to recal his senses. At last Urban opened his mouth; all was hushed to hear what he said. In a faint, broken voice, he exclaimed, "two negroes——," he could not proceed, his breath forsook him, and he expired, though certainly he appeared as if he wished to say more. The feelings of Ferdinand, when he heard this sad news, cannot be described. "Unhappy man that I am," said he to himself; "Itanoko! oh it cannot be true; no, no, it cannot be." But it was now too late to interfere, and with horror he thought upon the ignominious death that awaited his dear friend Itanoko, and of which he had been the innocent cause.

Ferdinand had scarcely finished speaking, when the jailors entered the room to take Itanoko and Otou to their separate cells. After a few entreaties however from Ferdinand they got permission to be together another hour, and before he left them he said he would do all in his power to avert the dreadful sentence which awaited them.

A few days having elapsed Itanoko and Otou perceived that Ferdinand was dejected. One evening that he entered the cell, Itanoko asked him whether there were any hopes? "Ah, my dear friend!" said Ferdinand, "I am afraid there are none—Bruno is nowhere to be found. Three days passed on, but no Bruno appeared. The next morning was the day of the intended execution. Itanoko and his friend Otou spent the best part of the preceding night in prayer.

They had both fallen asleep when a noise of unbolting doors awoke him. They started. "It is the hour of execution (said Itanoko). Now, my soul, come, here, I am ready." The door opened, in rushed Honoria—"Live, live, my friends." Ferdinand then entered, and led them to Bruno. "Here is your preserver," said he. Itanoko and Otou fell at his feet. "I doubt not but that you are all anxious to know by what miracle you are preserved." "Oh, my dear friend (said Itanoko), I entreat you to be hasty in your narrative." "Know then (said Bruno) that I have visited the distant mountains which separate us from this island, where there are several negroes who have escaped from their inhuman masters. The report of my arrival was soon spread, and they all flocked round me. I distributed some refreshments which I took among them, and then told them that two men were going to suffer death for the murder of Urban. I knew that they were innocent, and thought it a pity that two innocent men should suffer for the crimes of others.

"I had scarcely finished, when two of them came forward and confessed the murder. I have brought them with me, but they will not suffer death, as it is the law of this country, that no man shall criminate himself; so when they have acquitted you by their confession, they will have leave to return to their country. It is easier to imagine than to describe the sentiments by which they were all agitated. Itanoko and Otou embraced Bruno as their deliverer.

The next morning they breakfasted together, on which day he magistrate promised that Itanoko and Otou should be liberated. At four o'clock a carriage arrived at the door, and they all set off. Itanoko and Otou knew not where they were going to until they stopped at the plantation of Mr. De C——. This somewhat disconcerted Itanoko, as it reminded him of his dear Amelia, and what she suffered there while he was under the same roof and did not know it. Fer-

dinand beckoned to Itanoko; and, taking him aside, put a deed into his hand, requesting he would accept of his title and estates. Itanoko at first refused the kind offer till the rest of the company joined in the entreaty, for Ferdinand and Honoria, it seems, meant to retire from the noisy city.

"Well then," said Itanoko, "I accept it;" and after a few moments pause, he started from his seat and flew to the habitation of the slaves.

They had already gone to labour. Itanoko rushed among them, and said, "Countrymen! they tell me I am your master, and the first use I shall make of my title is to set you all at liberty."

The slaves immediately fell at the feet of Itanoko and loaded him with their benedictions. A general cry of, "we shall once more see our dear wives and children," filled the air. About six of them begged to remain with him as their relations were dead. Itanoko accepted of the voluntary services, and sent the rest home by the first ship that sailed.

A few days after Itanoko was in the parlour alone, when Amelia engrossed all his thoughts. Having deliberated for some time, he resolved, be the consequences whatever they would, to go in search of her. He had just formed this resolution, when a domestic entered the room, and told him a gentleman earnestly wished to see him. "Conduct him up," said Itanoko. He soon made his appearance, and said, "Sir, I must take the liberty to enquire if you have a negro in your house of the name of Otou. "Yes, he is my friend." "My commission is of a delicate nature; I am ignorant of your consequence here, and am very unwilling to do any thing which may be disagreeable to you, therefore rely on your honour; and although my orders are very peremptory, yet am here myself alone to execute them."

"Quick to the business (said Itanoko), "For here is an order from the king to secure the person of Otou."

The word was thunder to Itanoko. "Ah! what has he done?" said he in great agony.

"I know not," replied the stranger; "whither are you to conduct him?"

"To France, such are my orders." "But Otou is no slave, he is rather under the protection of the king than his subject. 'Twas his own free will that led him to this island, and my house ought to be respected as his sacred asylum."

"Pardon me (said the stranger), I cannot enter into discussion; here are my orders and I must obey them." "What! under my eyes!" "I feel perfectly that it will be easy for you to oppose the execution of them; but recollect the dangerous consequence of such a conduct."

As Itanoko was considering within himself how he should

detain the officer while he concealed his friend, the door opened, and Otou made his appearance.

Itanoko's emotions soon discovered him to the officer, when he said, "You are the person of whom I am in search. Otou, I arrest you in the name of the king."

Otou looked at Itanoko, who immediately threw himself round his neck, and said, "You shall not go my dear friend, I will call my slaves to your aid."

"Stop (said Otou), I know of no crime that I have committed, therefore I will go quietly, and doubt not but that I shall soon return." He then tore himself from him, and accompanied the officer. Itanoko remained in speechless agony. Half an hour elapsed and not a word escaped his lips. At last starting from his seat he exclaimed, "Who would have thought my happiness was of so short a duration? But I will instantly go to Mr. De C——, and procure his assistance; yes, and embark immediately for Europe." So saying, he ordered his carriage and drove off. He travelled with such expedition that in six hours he arrived at Ferdinand's.

"What new accident has happened (said Honoria, as Itanoko entered the room in evident agitation. He then related all that had passed concerning Otou. Ferdinand gave him letter of recommendation, and the next morning Itanoko accompanied by Duménil set sail for France.

The wind being fair they soon arrived at Paris. Itanoko immediately visited the officer, who had given him his address. Having been received with politeness, Itanoko begged his permission to see his friend Otou.

"That does not altogether depend on me (replied the officer), "but prepare a memorial and it shall be presented to the minister; and have no doubt but he will grant the permission you require." Itanoko thanked him and gave him five-and-twenty guineas, as a reward for his care of Otou.

Our hero and Duménil, who acted as his adviser, now visited Ferdinand's friends. At the end of two days a letter from the officer informed Itanoko that he had permission to see Otou, on condition that he was to accompany him. Itanoko heeded not that; he immediately ordered his carriage, and drove off with such swiftness that he soon reached the prison. The gates were thrown open, and Itanoko found himself suddenly in the arms of Otourom.

Neither of them could speak for some time. Otou was the first to find words. "What anguish do I cost you, my dear friend?" "Oh name it not (said Itanoko), but inform me for what you are confined. "I know not," said Otou. Three hours having thus passed, the officer told Itanoko that they must part for the present. Otou then embraced Itanoko, and they separated. The next morning Itanoko and Duménil

went to one of Bruno's friends, who told him that he had seen the minister, and was told by him, that Otou's crime was of too enormous a nature to be overlooked.

"What is it?" eagerly enquired Itanoko.

"He is charged with a rape." "Impossible!"

"I fear it is too true (replied the Abbe de S——); the minister assured me there were incontrovertible proofs against him. The woman herself complains in a letter of the unravisher. All that can be done for the young man is to endeavour to satisfy with money her father, who is a banker, before it comes into the courts of justice."

"And could a father be satisfied with any sum, (cried Itanoko), "if it were really the case? Good Heaven! ever surrounded with difficulties! ever entangled with obstacles!"

"Forbear, your impatience is useless (said the Abbe de S——), "here is the banker's address, visit him to-morrow; all depends on his explications."

"This is very surprising (said Itanoko, looking at the address), "it is the same banker to whom Ferdinand has given me his letter of credit."

"And fortunately so (said the Abbe De S——), "it is already a happy commencement of your connexion. Adieu. I expect you will both dine with me to-morrow, and I will introduce a youth to you who has visited the isles; he may be able to amuse you; he is a nephew of mine."

Itanoko and Duménil now took their leave of the worthy ecclesiastic.

The next morning as soon as breakfast was over Itanoko went to the bankers. He soon arrived and knocked at the door. The porter opened it. Itanoko asked if his master could be seen. He answered coarsely he was not at home. "When will he return?" "I know nothing of it; he is in the country." "Well, but I wish to speak to him." "You are not singular, every body wants to speak to him." "My business is urgent." "Well, he is not here." "And is there no one to whom I can address myself?" "Does your master confine in no person of his house?" "Yes, his cashier." "It is fortunate, conduct me to him." "He has been in Brittany these eight days." "And when does he return?" "To-morrow night; so if you will wait you may see him." "But may I be sure?" "Yes, he will be here I dare say at five o'clock." Itanoko then left him, and he and Duménil afterwards went to the Abbe De S——.

When they entered the room, the Abbe's nephew rose to receive them. Itanoko looked at him with surprise, and then exclaimed, "My God! it was the youth who was equerry to Theodore. He recollected Itanoko, and eagerly flew to embrace him.

"This is an unexpected meeting, indeed (he cried); "oh, Itanoko! I rejoice to see thee alive and well."

Itanoko now related to the Abbe that it was his nephew who aided him in his flight when Theodore sought his life.

"But how came it," said Itanoko to Francis, for that was the name of the youth, "that you were so suddenly snatched from my affection and gratitude?" "Believe me, my dear friend, that the conduct of Theodore so disgusted me I got sick of the place, and was determined to follow the young woman, who through my assistance escaped; yes, I wished to take her with me to my uncle, where she might remain until we heard from her father." "Ah! of whom do you speak?" cried Itanoko. "How?" replied Francis; "have you forgot the crimes of Theodore, his odious passion, the woman whom ——?" Amelia faintly uttered Itanoko, and immediately became motionless.

"Itanoko!" said Francis, supporting him, "what is the matter? Do not leave me in so short a time."

"I will live," cried Itanoko, starting from his posture; "yes, I will live for Otou's sake. Let me see Amelia, let me see her, if you would preserve my reason." "I will conduct you to her." "Stay," replied the Abbe, "your unexpected appearance might destroy her. She is persuaded you no longer exist. I have placed her under the care of the Abbess of ——, a convent near hand; it was her desire. I will write to the Lady Abbess, and beg of her to disclose by degrees to Amelia that her lover is still in existence. He then left the room to write the letter, and during his absence Itanoko resumed the discourse.

"I cannot conceive how Amelia could have preserved such an astonishing silence; she must doubtless have spoken to you of me. You would not conceal from her that I was known to you. Why then not write to me?"

"Amelia herself," interrupted Francis, "saw you, but lay the guilt of her silence on me alone. Yes, my dear Itanoko, it was my crime."

Francis candidly confessed that he had not relied on Itanoko's innocence of the murder of Urban, and had communicated the frightful intelligence to the already wounded Amelia. "I believed it to be necessary (he added) to extinguish a hope I thought vain, and which preyed on her soul. My attachment for the unfortunate Amelia was the cause likewise of my disclosing to her your unfortunate situation. Can you forgive me, my dear Itanoko?"

"Yes, yes, (replied our hero) but how came she to be prevailed on to go with you when she knew that Otou waited for her?"

"I will tell you (said Francis). The very evening that

Otou was to have taken her away was the time which I fixed in my own mind for her escape. I bribed a negro to assist me. He went to take her victuals, and in a low voice said, 'Every thing is ready for your escape, prepare yourself—I will be here soon again, and conduct you to your friend.' The poor girl thought it could be no other than Otou, and was ready by the time appointed. She soon discovered her mistake, and appeared very uneasy, till she found herself safe in the convent where she has remained ever since."

The abbe on his return informed Itanoko that the abbess had promised to prepare Amelia for his reception the next day. He was rejoiced at the intelligence, and the cheer and good humour of the company now banished all gloomy thoughts.

When Itanoko went home that night he saw on his table a letter addressed to him from Ferdinand; he opened it with transport, and read that he and his dear Honoria had landed at Havre after a fortunate passage. But (he added) that Honoria was so fatigued she could not travel post to Paris; where his presence was required as soon as possible. He therefore requested that Duménil, unless his stay was particularly required by Itanoko, would make all possible haste to join him at Havre, that he might leave Honoria under his care, in order to follow him, by easy journies.

As Duménil was preparing for his departure, which was about two o'clock in the morning, Itanoko said to him, "Do you not think there is a kind of sorrow in Ferdinand's letter?"

"His weariness," replied Duménil, "or rather, perhaps, his being compelled to leave Honoria for a few days, may have somewhat affected him; but let not your sensibility imagine causes of distress." He then shook Itanoko by the hand, and set off for his journey.

Itanoko now went to repose. With what happy thoughts was his mind employed. He had found Amelia; he would soon see Honoria and Ferdinand; he had powerful friends, who would do all in their power to discover the retreat of Dumont, Amelia's father; his fortune even surpassed his wishes, for his friends had made him master of an annual income of more than five-and-twenty thousand livres. Otou, he was sure, was innocent, and must again be free! With these pleasing reflections sleep overtook him, and never was repose more gentle.

Francis entered Itanoko's chamber while he was fast asleep—he awoke him. "You forget," said he, "that sleep is so much deducted from the enjoyments of the soul."

"True," answered Itanoko, "it should have been made for the unfortunate alone. He arose, and informed him of



Dumenil's departure. They took their chocolate together, and then proceeded to the convent, to which the uncle of Francis had already repaired. As soon as they had reached the house Itanoko jumped off his horse, and rung violently at the bell. The door was immediately opened. He rushed into the parlour. Amelia was at this time sitting by the side of the lady abbess working some embroidery; the abbe De S——— was sitting opposite to her with the newspaper in his hand.

"Oh, my dear Amelia!" cried our hero, running up to her, "have I found you?"

"Itanoko! yes, he still lives!" she exclaimed, and fainted in his arms.

The lady abbess immediately assisted in recovering her, and happily succeeded. The events of this happy day can better be conceived than described. Filled with tender effusions, with mutual remembrances, each word leading to a new thought, and the tongue at length becoming incapable of expressing those thoughts. Such was their happiness.

The abbess proposed their marriage; she wished them to fix a day for its solemnization.

Amelia confessed she thought not of that day without pleasure; but referred to the uncertainty in which she was respecting her parents. The feeling was too pure to be opposed by any argument; and, notwithstanding the violence it did Itanoko's affection, he yielded to it, rather with some degree of satisfaction. The abbe De S——— undertook to make every enquiry respecting Dumont, and did not seem to doubt his success.

A servant now entered the room with a letter for Itanoko. He opened it in haste. "Good Heaven!" he exclaimed, "it is from my dear friend Otou. I suppose he has bribed one of the jailors to send it. He read it first over to himself, then said, "Ah, Otou! I hope to see you yet happy. At Amelia's request he communicated to her the contents, which were as follow:

"Dear Itanoko,

"Do not think I am completely wretched, for even in my dungeon I have found happiness. Happiness did I say? Good Heaven! if I knew the man who causes my confinement, I would on my knees thank him. You will wonder what makes me so happy—then, my dear Itanoko, know that amongst my visitors there was one Osmyn, who was very kind to me. One night, when alone with him, I thanked him for his attention, but heaven otherwise rewarded him for it. I happened to mention my mother's name, when suddenly starting from his seat he exclaimed, "My son, my long lost



child." Oh, Itanoko! guess the sensations which this scene produced. I had found a father who had suffered much; he had found a son confined for an unknown crime. Oh, my dear friend! when I am no more endeavour to console my poor old father. He will entertain you with his sad story. But, my dear friend, have you heard for what I am to suffer? If you have, pray impart the secret without reserve, and let me see you soon.

"I remain your affectionate friend,

"OTOUROM OSMYN."

Amelia was very much affected at the letter. "I will go," said our hero, "and see him as soon as I have been at the bankers."

The clock struck five, and Itanoko accordingly departed.

The porter recollecting him, informed him that the cashier was at home in expectation of his visit. He conducted him into a front parlour, and went to announce his arrival. This moment was awful to his feelings. The porter returned, and told Itanoko to walk into the back parlour. He followed the porter, and the cashier to receive him; but as soon as Itanoko beheld him, he ran and embraced him.

"My friend! my child! my Itanoko!" he uttered, as if doubting himself.

"Ah!" said Itanoko, "and do I see you again, my dear Dumont, my generous friend! And can I yet repay you for all the sorrows, all the fatigues, which you have suffered on my account."

"Oh, Itanoko! what a loss I have endured! To see you now recalls all my anguish. What has become of my unhappy daughter? Why is she not here to complete our joy?"

Itanoko was just going to inform him of all respecting Amelia, but prudence as instantly checked him; and he trembled when he considered the sudden and violent emotions which the intelligence might occasion. Dumont appeared to be extremely meagre, and borne down by infirmities. Itanoko therefore saw that some preparation was necessary to introduce the news which his heart almost refused to conceal.

When their mutual transports had somewhat subsided Itanoko changed the conversation, as if carelessly to the latter part of his adventures, and then entered into the matter which immediately concerned Otou.

"Ah," said Dumont, "speak not of him, forget the ungrateful wretch who basely has betrayed me, and given me the deepest wound that can be struck to the heart of a father. Alas! how did I once love him! and how has he repaid me for all my tenderness; but let us name him no more. The

banker exerted his influence in my favour; yes, Itanoko, it was at my instance Otou was cast into prison. I have no longer a daughter, you have no longer a mistress. The guilt of that traitor has torn her away from us both."

The instantaneous pardon of Otou could not have delighted Itanoko more than this discourse. To know his supposed crime and his accuser was to be sure of his innocence and his liberty.

"Beware," said he to Dumont, "that some specious appearances have not deceived you. When you know Otou better you will be sorry that you suspected him."

"Would to God," replied he, "that it were nothing but suspicion; but I have too many proofs." He arose, and brought some papers from his cabinet. "Alas!" he continued, "on that dread day, when I thought you were restored to us, and when you were a second time torn away from us, I went to a magistrate to obtain from him assistance in order to enable us to discover you. I returned on board my vessel, and expected to have found my daughter there, who, my heart told me, must need all my consolation. Alas! she was not to be seen. Conceive my inquietude, my anguish. What could I say to a mother, full of apprehensions? Ah, what could I say to my own agonized heart? The night passed, and no intelligence of Amelia. Scarcely was it day, when a letter was brought to me by a boat belonging to the port. It came from a young man, a stranger to me, who subscribed himself Theodore De C———. Heaven, alas! has not permitted me to repay his kindness. This is the letter."

Itanoko took it and read as follows:

"Sir,

"You are unknown to me, yet my heart feels for you. Yesterday evening, as I walked on shore, a young person, whom I believe to be your daughter having seen her more than once land from your ship, and always having seen your sailors treat her with respect, was on the point of stepping into your boat. A negro forcibly prevented her, and carried her away with violence. His name is Otou, your daughter too often pronounced the name with indignation to permit me ever to forget it. Humanity urged me to interpose in behalf of the sufferer, but prudence told me not to oppose myself to the brutality of these men; therefore to inform you of the disaster was all that remained in my power. As this deed has every appearance of a rape, the villain undoubtedly fled with his prey to the Spanish part of this island. I therefore think it would be most advisable for you to hasten to the Spanish ports, as it is probable he designs to sail from one of

them. Trouble not yourself to seek for me. All my services must be included in this advice, which is yet necessary.

"I am, &c.

"THEODORE DE C——."

"That letter," said Dumont, "was the cause of my wife's death; and though I could scarcely resist the manifold misfortunes which surrounded me, I went on shore to tell the ministers of justice what had happened. I sailed soon after, and ran through the Spanish ports, but in vain. At length the diminution of my funds compelled me to sail for France. There I sold my vessel, and my commercial knowledge procured me the situation which I have held in this house. Ever occupied in the cause of my sorrow, I confess to you I felt at times extreme difficulty to believe Otou culpable on the mere credit of Theodore's letter; but doubt soon left me. The banker received letters from his correspondents at St. Domingo, requesting him to make enquiries concerning me, and, if possible, to remit to me the written evidence. The banker gave it me, and I read in it, that a negro, named Otou, had been apprehended for a murder; that the billet had been found upon him; that this billet having an immediate connection with the declarations made by me some time past, it had been thought proper to remit it to me in case I should choose to prosecute the negro. This is the billet, it is the hand-writing of my daughter.

"You imagine now," said our hero, "that you possess ample proofs of Otou's guilt; but you hold in your hand the sacred testimony of friendship."

Itanoko related what had befallen Otou and Amelia. When he concluded doubt was still superior to all, and Dumont imputed it to the blind friendship which Itanoko bore to Otou.

"Well," said Itanoko, "I will pardon the injury he does my friend, but would you be able to support incontestible evidence?"

"Oh," said he, "it would be felicity to be assured of a man's innocence that was once loved."

"I will bring," replied Itanoko, "this witness, but prepare for the most exquisite surprise."

"What would you say?" cried Dumont, with expectation in his looks. "Ah! what a hope rushes into my mind!"

Itanoko was now convinced that the first difficulty was surmounted.

"I fly," said he, "to bring my witness."

He hastened to the convent. "My friends," said he, "I have happy tidings to communicate; then, can you support the sight of Otou standing before you?"

"Do not doubt it. Let me see him."

"With such courage, you could resist the violence of a surprise." "Ah!" cried Amelia, "either you are the cruel man, or you have seen my father." "Do you think me cruel?" answered Itanoko. "I understand you," said she.

"He lives. Ah! fly with me to his feet."

"I have not yet named you to Dumont," said Itanoko.

They all descended the antichamber. "Well," cried he, "are you prepared to see my witness?" "Yes, though it were my daughter!" "Can you still think Otou criminal?" "Ah, would to Heaven he were yet worthy of being my friend."

Amelia could no longer withhold herself. "My father do not accuse Otou, he is the model of human virtues! What an interesting scene took place! The father and daughter could not be separated, yet the eyes of Amelia sought for something more. Dumont understood them; for nature explained them to him. "Ah! do not look for your mother," said she to Amelia, pressing her to his bosom. "She enjoys the recompence of her virtues!"

This sorrowful information spread a cloud over the gentle moment; but the present happiness, ever so powerful over the heart of a man, insensibly dissipated the transient gloom, and joy took entire possession of the heart.

Amelia having satisfied the ardent curiosity of her father, Itanoko interrupted them, in order to recal Otou's situation to their mind. "Each minute," said Itanoko, "which now prolongs his imprisonment, would be a minute of guilt to us." "And of anguish to my mind," said Dumont.

The minister being at Paris, the abbe De S—— proposed to Dumont that they should both wait on him while the rest should return with the abbess and expect their arrival at the convent. This benevolent lady said "no! let the young people go to the convent, but it would be better that I should accompany you to the minister. It is late, and probably you may be refused an audience; but a visit, at such an hour, from a person of my description will itself speak something, and most likely open the ministers door to us. They all thanked the lady for this obliging care. Dumont and the abbe De S—— proceeded with her in her carriage to the minister's residence, while Amelia, Francis, and Itanoko returned to the convent.

They soon returned with a mandate for Otou's release the next morning. Freed from all cares they now seated themselves at table, and this was the first repast Itanoko had enjoyed without a mixture of anxiety since the time in which his peaccable youth had fed on fruits, cultivated by the hand of Amelia.

When the desert was placed and the servants had with-

drawn, the abbess thus addressed herself to Dumont:—"There is no one but myself, Sir, who loses by your presence. I was the mother of Amelia, her only parent, but you have come to rob me of my rights. I regret them very much; for it would have been a delightful office to me to have given her to Itanoko."

"Command, madam," replied Dumont, "my daughter can never prove her respect for me more perfectly than in obeying your pleasure."

"Then," said the abbess, with exultation, "Itanoko's happiness shall not be delayed."

"My friend," said Dumont, taking Itanoko's hand, "you know my daughter's virtues, and those are her only portion, a poverty which I do not lament, it is all I can offer you in my alliance."

"Ah," said Itanoko, casting himself at Amelia's feet, "let my dear Amelia consent to my happiness and I shall be abundantly rich."

Amelia's smile avowed her sentiments.

"You, madam," continued Itanoko to the abbess, "have deigned to take the title of mother; confirm then my happiness, and consent to our signing our marriage contract instantly on the arrival of Ferdinand."

"I consent," said the lady abbess, "on the condition that the nuptials take place in my house."

They all thanked her with unfeigned gratitude.

The next morning Amelia and Itanoko flew to the abbe De S——, who accompanied them to Vincennes. The gates of Otou's prison were opened to them, and they soon pressed him to their bosoms. The sight of Amelia and her father appeared like a dream to Otou; he could not forbear to contemplate them, to assure himself by repeated embraces that his senses did not delude his heart.

They were in haste to bear him from the scene of his suffering, and soon presented him to the abbess. Itanoko explained to him the obligations which had been conferred on him by that lady and the abbe De S——.

"You have pitied," said Otou, "an unfortunate man. May Heaven bless you, and as your reward present you frequent opportunities of comforting the afflicted."

Itanoko spent the rest of the day in purchasing jewels for Amelia and his friends.

When Itanoko and Otou were alone, the latter enquired the cause of his imprisonment, for the excess of joy had quite sunk the cause till now. Itanoko related all—he heard him with astonishment. At the conclusion of the recital he remained silent for some minutes—then said with a look of

indignation, which almost arrested the blood of Itanoko in its course. "I never thought myself liable to the suspicions of Dumont." He changed the conversation, and afterwards went to take some repose without Itanoko's daring once more to mention the subject.

Early the following morning Itanoko went into Otou's chamber, and was greatly surprised in not finding him there. He enquired of the servants concerning him, when one of them told Itanoko that Otou had desired him to say that he found himself rather indisposed, and had gone out to dissipate his illness.

At that instant a postchaise drove up to the door. Itanoko looked out and saw Ferdinand. He ran to meet him.

"How is Honoria?"

"Better," answered Ferdinand; "her indisposition is light, and I am without inquietude as Duménil is with her. Itanoko then led him to the parlour, and related all that had passed. "But, my dear Ferdinand," added he, "you appear sorrowful; hide nothing from me. What has happened?"

"Afflict not yourself with a misfortune," returned Ferdinand, "which I begin to regard with indifference. You have known the extent of my fortune, it is lost!"

"Oh Heavens!" exclaimed Itanoko, "what do I hear?"

"That very banker, on whom I gave you a letter of credit, and where you found Dumont, has failed; he had all my property; and the first news that I heard on landing was his bankruptcy."

"Does Honoria know it?"

"Yes, but she calls such a loss as money a mere trifle."

"Well," said Itanoko, starting from his seat, "let me introduce you to my friends. You expect from me an example of courage, and you shall have it. I will not think of your loss."

"Ferdinand pressed Itanoko's hand. "Now," said he, "I see that firmness which I have so often admired. You flatter my glory by sparing your consolations. You have done justice to my heart."

"Come, come," said Itanoko, "you must change your dress to-day; I am to be made the happiest of men."

"My dear friend," replied Ferdinand, "you shall be obeyed."

He soon changed his dress for the wedding, and Itanoko conducted him to the drawing-room. None present knew Ferdinand.

"Madam," said Itanoko to the lady abbess, "permit me to present this gentleman to you; his name will be the best

title I can give him to your friendship. This, madam, is Ferdinand." Instantly they all surrounded him, and though in the midst of strangers, Ferdinand found a hearty welcome.

After dinner Itanoko began to be uneasy that Otou did not return, and ran to whisper the abbess on the subject; when, on a sudden, his eyes were covered by some one who had stolen behind him. The whole company burst into laughter.

"My dear Itanoko," said the abbess, "I am sorry for you; but such is the condition of our agreement; you must name the person who holds you prisoner, or there is no marriage for you this day."

"I hope, madam," answered Itanoko, "that Amelia is not of a party to the agreement."

"Pardon me," said she, "certainly so." "Then," replied Itanoko, "I divine the matter."

Amelia knew that his heart would not deceive him.

"These are lady's hands that cover my sight," added Itanoko; "and there is but one wanted to complete our felicity. Honoria is the tyrant that holds me; I am sure of it."

He was not mistaken, it was Honoria; her impatience to join her husband had subdued her indisposition, and she had proceeded post with Duménil.

"Ah, my dear Duménil," said Itanoko, taking his hand, "how much we are obliged to you."

"Recompence him then," said Dumont, "by loving him as your uncle."

"My uncle!" he exclaimed. "You remember," said Dumont, "my dear brother, of whom I often spoke to you during your childhood. You now see him."

"What a happy event!" said Itanoko, embracing them both.

A servant now entered to inform Itanoko that the notary waited. The abbess desired him to be shewn in. He entered, and placing the parchment on the table, was going to read.

"Come," said Itanoko, "these forms of law among friends are disgusting. Let us sign, we will read it afterwards." Itanoko took the pen, and having executed the deed presented it to Ferdinand. He politely offered it to the abbess.

"Pardon me!" exclaimed Itanoko, "I know all the respect which is due to a lady, but you must permit me to govern absolutely for a few minutes. Having directed them to sign, as he thought proper, he took the deed and said to Amelia, "Till this day I flattered myself that I was in possession of all which could make my Amelia happy. I have



no longer any thing but my heart to offer you, and that is not sufficient. Pardon me, that I have yielded to duties which appeared to me yet more sacred than love. I read astonishment in your eyes, but my conduct shall never be inexplicable to you. You see before you Honoria and Ferdinand; there was a time in which their benefactions constituted my glory; at present it might become my shame. They had immense wealth; they possessed it no longer. I will not become the accomplice of fortune, and (the insolent witness of their indigence) revel in their property with indifference. Ferdinand, if I had a right to dispose of my estate I have sold it to you, and you have just signed the bargain. This is your title. He then gave him the deed which had been just executed. He would have retired, but his friends detained him. Honoria and Ferdinand, taking each of them a hand of Itanoko, said, "We will not accept of this guilt; we have been surprised in the execution of the deed, and it is null; we recal our consent. Ah! Itanoko, have you thought on Amelia? Would you behold her death?"

"You dishonour me," cried Amelia.

"Think not so of me." Then turning round to Itanoko, she proceeded—"Never have I loved you so much before. Your loss, if I must lose you, is frightful to my heart. But I am worthy of you. For the world would I not see you act otherwise, though I should never behold you again."

"Charming example of a sublime virtue," said Dumenil, "one of you sacrificing wealth, the other an ardent successful love to his honour. Ferdinand, accept the gift of Itanoko; you shall do it without a blush, Amelia give me your hand; I tender it to you, Itanoko, and I will add to it my fortune." "Good Heaven," exclaimed Itanoko, "this felicity is too much for my heart." Honoria and Ferdinand still defended themselves, and could not be persuaded to yield. In the interim, Dumont had taken up the deed, and seemed to be looking at it with profound meditation. At length he waved his hand for silence, and all were attentive. "Why," inquired he, "do I see on this deed the name of De C——? This gentleman is not, however, the Theodore De C—— whose letter I have shewn to you, Itanoko. You have told me he was the son of Mr. Urban." "It is true," answered Itanoko; "and you must pardon my negligence. I ought to have presented him here by the name to which he is entitled; but the endearing habit of calling these my friends, Honoria and Ferdinand has prevailed over ceremony. Honoria is the sister of Theodore De C——, who is no more; and her husband, when he received her hand, took the name of De C——, at the re-



quest of her dying father." "This gentleman then," said Dumont, "is the Mr. De C—— who lately remitted his property to Europe." "The same," replied Ferdinand. "These Sir," rejoined Dumont, "your fortune is entire."

Let the effect of these words be imagined, if it be possible. "By what happy chance," enquired Ferdinand, "am I indebted to you for this signal benefaction?" "You owe it chiefly to gratitude, though mistaken in its application," said Dumont; "but God judged my intention—that was pure; and, as my reward, he has directed the effect to the worthier object. It is about six months since I entered into my employment with this banker. He sought for a cashier, and I presented myself to him; sixty thousand francs, the sole remains of the wealth which had been given by the two African Sovereigns, became security for me, and my small fortune was sunk in his capital. I entered on my duty, and four months passed without my perceiving any alteration in his affairs. Two months since things began to assume another appearance; he collected several sums, and which I knew much exceeded the engagements he had to fulfil. One day he caused these to be removed away from his bank. I imagined this was to suit some purpose of speculation, and it gave me no uneasiness. However, the first succeeding payment was made by a loan; and, afterwards, all demands on his bank (which has been discharged) were settled by the same means; while the returns have disappeared, as the former fund, without any apparent employ. A cashier is not to be imposed upon for any length of time, and I explained my fears to the banker. He amused me during six months longer with artful excuses; but soon it was almost impossible for me to doubt his unworthy designs, and I found myself reduced to the unhappy alternative of either losing my small fortune, and suffering him to deceive those who confided in him, or of becoming his accuser, and perhaps when he did, yet be innocent. This latter part was so strongly repugnant to my feelings, that I chose rather to sacrifice my little property. Fourteen days ago I made up the accounts of the payments, which amounted to a hundred and forty thousand livres; this I carried to him, he signed it, and returned it to me. You know, said I, that I have but twelve hundred francs in the bank. I know it, he replied; that is my affair. He went out, and at three the letters arrived; among them was one from a celebrated house at Nantz, the substance of which was, that their partners at Cape Francois had received six millions of livres from a gentleman whose name was De C——, who was coming to France to reside. In the name of De C—— I recognised that of the young man who at that time I thought had rendered me an immense service, and my first wish was to save

the fortune of my supposed benefactor. After considerable hesitation, I resolved to withhold this letter. In the course of the day he had turned some bills of exchange into cash; and, in the evening, I remarked by several circumstances that he was going to leave the house. I resolved at midnight to set off for Nantz, in order to anticipate the courier that would doubtless carry the news of his bankruptcy. I felt, however, anxious as I was to save the fortune of Mr. De C——, that my own security, and my duty to the creditors of my employers, made it necessary for me to take some previous steps. I was about to run to the first Consul, when one of the clerks of our house came to inform me, with the greatest alarm, of the banker's flight. My horses being ready, I set off for Nantz, and reached the spot a couple of hours before the news of the bankruptcy arrived. You may conceive the joy of the house, which, had I not saved them, would have been compelled to have stopped payment. They gave me an acknowledgment, duly executed, that the property of Mr. De C—— was in their hands, with a promise of paying it to his order. Here is the deed, and I am proud to save the fortune of a worthy man, and of displaying the elevated feelings of Itanoko."

On this happy day Itanoko was united to Amelia. Still they wanted Otou, and at length became apprehensive of some misfortune, when a servant entered and delivered a letter to Itanoko. Eagerly he opened it; all anxiously watched his looks; he ran it over first to himself, and then read it to his friends:—

*"My dear Itanoko,*

"I leave you. America will see my return. I shall, with my father, see Bruno and our slaves; they will make me welcome, and I shall inform them of your happiness. You will say, why was I not a witness of it? Ah! Itanoko; this is the greatest sorrow of my life; but nature condemns me to endure it. What man can support an injury without taking vengeance; Dumont has suspected me; the death of Dumont would delight my vengeance; but I see the tears of his daughter—your tears—I hear the name of father, which you at present lavish on me, and all is sacred to me. No, never Itanoko, could I do more for you, for his daughter, for himself, than fly from you. He suspected me; yet he might have done otherwise. The effort was not impossible. I thought I knew him by experience; and, while abandoned by him, without aid, without counsel, without consolation, I languished in irons, which defence of his daughter had laid upon me; nothing suggested to me his ingratitude. Every thing accused him; I alone justified him. Had he no reason to justify me? yet

there have existed men who have received from the right of pronouncing with disdain the name of Otou; I received this name in my cradle. It was my only property. I preserved it pure, and he has dared to stain it! Oh, fury! thank heaven, Dumont, that it does not at this moment offer to you my wrath! But what do I say? Let the victory be complete; let me speak that terrible word—that word from which my frame shrinks. Oh, nature close your eyes while I write it—I PARDON HIM! it is written; yes, it shall not be effaced. But, ah, indulge me with a moment's pause. Adieu! yield to no inquietude respecting me. Thanks to your beneficence, I have money. You gave me two hundred louis d'ors, and I possess them entire. Vincennes cost me nothing. I shall be far from you when you receive my letter. I charge you make no attempt to pursue me; I then should see Dumont, and my wound would bleed afresh; one day I shall embrace you again. Ah, Gods! if I must die without seeing you more—but let us chase this idea; it is terrifying! I know you, and you will wish once again to receive the benedictions of your negroes. Yes, my friend, I know you will visit your countrymen if possible, till when,

“I remain yours affectionately,

“Otou.”

“I feel that his sentence is just,” said Dumont. “I have outraged innocence, and it is a true crime. It is my duty to pursue him, to fall at his feet, and to obtain his pardon.”

Itanoko would not suffer Dumont to go, as he knew the temper of Otou. “You had better,” said he, “let him abate the bitterness of his resentment.” Dumont was persuaded, and Itanoko immediately dispatched a letter to Bruno, informing him of all that had happened. He soon received an answer, informing him that Otou had already promised to forget all that had passed.

A few years after Otou saw Dumont; the natural goodness of his heart had finally prevailed. He felt that nature has rights that silence all others; and that the deed, which would have been an injury under any other circumstance, was a duty, taking its source, as it did, in paternal affection. The interview was interesting. Dumont already bending beneath age, advanced with a trembling pace, which timidity rendered still more feeble. Otou had premeditated to preserve the dignity of a man who pardons an outrage; his first look betrayed that design. He had no power to sustain a part which opposed his humanity—opposed his ancient friendship. Tears rolled down his cheeks; he opened his arms; he ran; he had not even resolution to embrace Dumont, he fell at his feet.

The sudden departure of Otou was the last stroke of adver-

sity which Itanoko experienced; his days have since passed without a cloud. Honoria, Ferdinand, Dumenil, Dumont, his dear Amelia, and he, have made but one family---but one heart. Dumont thought it his duty, before he laid himself down in his tomb to rest, to account (as he had promised) to Siratip and Daniel for their benefactions. The latter had terminated his career in a new war, the sorrowful fruit of his ambition. But his uncle still sustained, with an arm almost yielding to age, a sceptre, honoured by his virtues. He sent Itanoko his last farewell, accompanied by treasures which the pleasure of relieving misfortunes rendered dear to him.

Otou had prophesied truly when he said Itanoko would again see his countrymen employed in his plantation. He flew to pay them one more visit, and to offer to Bruno the last tribute of affection. It seemed that this venerable old man waited only for his presence to sleep in peace in the bosom of eternity. He gave him his benediction; and, with it, the last, the greatest lesson in his power, the spectacle of a just man's death.

Itanoko found his countrymen happy. The remembrance of slavery was entirely effaced from their minds. Alternate labour, and innocent pleasures, had united them, and liberty had unfolded their virtues. They were no longer wretched abandoned creatures, but a numerous family bound together by the same inclination, the same object. It was not without regret that Itanoko saw himself compelled to dissolve this peaceable republic; but their interest prescribed the law to him. He had them all assembled; gave them his blessing, and ordered them to be conveyed safely back to their country. He then sold the plantation; it was in a flourishing condition, but being deprived of negroes, he could obtain only a small price for it. He was however satisfied, as he obtained that which flattered his ambition, the happiness of unfortunate men.

Nature, love, and friendship, soon called our hero back to Europe; there, in the bosom of the gentlest passions, he proceeded without fear and without regret to old age, surrounded by his children, his wife, and friends.

Previous to his departure, Otou gave him a written narrative to peruse at his leisure. It was the life of Osmyn, Otou's father, written by himself, and who, as Itanoko was told, had died a little before his visit to the plantation.

## THE LIFE OF OSMYN.

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I was born at Marseilles, of an illustrious family. My mother died in giving me birth; my father spent the chief of his time in my education. I was a fine figure; at eighteen I was entirely formed, and was the inhabitant of Marseilles, that is to say, I was sufficiently corrupted. One morning, carelessly walking without object or motive, I accidentally entered the place where slaves were exposed to sale. A beautiful and elegant woman struck my sight. I entered into discourse with her. She informed me that she was a Hungarian, and her name was Eliza; that she had been basely taken away by a merchant, and that she now expected nothing but wretchedness. I said to the merchant, what do you sell this slave for? five hundred sequins was the answer. I immediately gave the money, and presented her to my father, he appeared much pleased with her, and, with his consent, I set her down to be my wife. She lavished on me all the tenderness that was possible. The grand Vizier, by order of the Sultan, had made a tour to France. Ibrahim was deemed an exalted character. My father received visits from him; at length the time of his departure arrived; and what was my astonishment on finding Eliza had quitted me to follow him! a ladder was found fastened to the window, from which she escaped. I entered my father's chamber and perceived him in tears. He put a letter into my hand, which was from Ibrahim, bidding me not to be unhappy at the loss of Eliza, as he had known her for some years. I will follow the villain, and tear my love from his arms, thought I; and, in order to be less liable to suspicion, I assumed the Mahomatan dress, and set off for my journey. A few months after, I heard the sad news of my father's dissolution. He died broken hearted through my sudden departure. I soon arrived at Constantinople, where I passed for a Turkish merchant. In this manner I procured admittance to the Vizier's palace, but I did not dare to meet his presence;

all I wanted was to be noticed by the domestics, among whom there was one that pleased me. I told him my story; he promised to assist me, and it was planned between us that I should sleep in the wine cellar, which I did. He asked me in what manner I wished to be revenged. If she consent not, I replied, to go back with me, her death must pay for it. Very well, he answered, to night you may take her out of her bed, and go with her when you please. The night came; I followed the negro, and after passing a number of rooms, he pointed to Eliza's; but, when I entered, how great was my surprise on perceiving Ibrahim with his sword drawn. The attendants left us. Why wait you? strike! said I; he came forward, threw his sword aside, embraced me, and called the slaves, who conducted Eliza in--take her from my sight, I cried! Stop, said Ibrahim; madam, continued he, addressing himself to Eliza, before you stand two men, who adore you. Osmyn has risked his life to recover you; he took you from chains; he made his father's house your's. I cannot boast of having done so much for you. Then speak your mind; which of us do you love? I obey your command, Sir, I esteem you both; but there is one of you I do love--that I must only love; then, pointing to an infant which was in a woman's arms, she continued, I must love the father of my child, and then left the room. I shook hands with Ibrahim, and told him he deserved her.

I then visited Africa, and soon married. My wife died giving birth to Oton. I put the child out to nurse, and set off for another voyage, when I suffered much from shipwreck. It was nine years before I could return to Africa. I was told the nurse was dead, and no one could tell me what became of my child. I was then resolved to spend the rest of my days in relieving the afflicted; and Heaven rewarded me by finding my son, though in a prison.

FINIS.